

Episode #92-022

FOREVER KNIGHT

"Love You To Death"

written by

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FIRST DRA
October 2, 19
FULL PINK SHOOTING DRA
October 8, 19

"Love You To Death"
PAGE HISTORY

October 2, 1992 - WHITE - FIRST DRAFT

October 8, 1992 - PINK - FULL SHOOTING DRAFT

"Love You To Death"

CAST LIST

NICK KNIGHT.....Geraint Wyn Davies
SCHANKE.....John Kapelos
NATALIE.....Catherine Disher
STONETREE.....Gary Farmer
JANETTE.....Deborah Duchene
LACROIX.....Nigel Bennett
LUCY
MAX
CHARLIE
BOLLINGER
FORREST
SYLVAIN
ASSISTANT
GRACE
THE COPS

SETS

EXT. PARK
INT. NICK'S LOFT
INT. PRECINCT
INT. BACKSTAGE DRESSING ROOM - PARIS - 1889
INT. MORGUE
INT. RAVEN
INT. RAVEN - BACKROOM
INT. MUSIC HALL - PARIS - 1889
EXT. RAVEN
INT. INTERVIEW ROOM
INT. A BEDROOM
INT. OBSERVATION ROOM
EXT. PRECINCT
EXT. STREET
INT. NICK'S CADDY
INT. THEATER - PARIS - 1889
INT. LUCY'S ROOM
INT. LADY JANE PHOTO STUDIO
INT. DARKROOM
INT. BACKSTAGE
EXT. DARK WATER
INT. CHARLIE'S FARMHOUSE
EXT. FARM

LOVE YOU TO DEATH

TEASE

FADE IN:

WATER tumbling from a faucet. Pounding into rising foam...

A CANDLE WICK ignites...the match moves away - flame flickering in the ambience of its own soft light.

RED ROSE PETALS scattering from an unseen hand...drift downwards...DESCENDING...Alighting on lazy drifts of bubbles, floating on the undulating surface.

A PETAL, wafted by the current...floats past...

A PALE, SMOOTH, feminine thigh...knee bent in an arch above the surface of the bath...

HEAR the gentle SPLASH SPLASH of water...

And SEE it trickle over a shoulder, running in rivulets from the trailing edge of a disappearing cloth.

DISSOLVE TO:

A TOWEL being rubbed gently over the naked curve of a woman's back.

Sliver of silk falling into place across a pale shoulder... a fall of soft hair.

A HAIRBRUSH, entering frame and traveling downward, past the sheen of a satin camisole.

PEARL NECKLACE, placed at the base of a smooth throat and clasped.

A flutter of blue silk blouse settles around an arm.

Sheer stockings drawn slowly over a smooth leg.

Lipstick is carefully applied to pale lips.

Nail polish glides onto a perfect nail.

Earrings sparkle at the earlobes...clipped gently into place by fingers concealed in sleek leather.

A pair of blue suede pumps slipped onto a pair of delicately boned feet...

1 EXT. PARK - MORNING

1

Children play in a sunny park. In the background we see a woman on a bench.

*
*
*

Beat.

ON THE BLUE PUMPS

Resting on the pavement near a grassy area. It's bright now, morning.

HEAR the muffled SHRIEKS of children at play. Distant voices and muted laughter.

TILT UP, up the long smooth legs, past the knees. TO the edges of a coat joined under pretty hands folded primly together...CONTINUE beyond.

UP to the pearls at the throat where the coat falls open.

A SOFT, PINK MOUTH IS SLIGHTLY OPEN.

CONTINUE UP. Past ashen cheeks to the EYES,

STARING and VACANT.

DEAD.

FADE OUT.

END TEASE

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

2 EXT. CITYSCAPE - NIGHT 2

The sun dips into the horizon beyond silouhettted highrises.

3 INT. NICK'S LOFT - NIGHT 3

WITH NICK as he comes down the stairs pulling on his coat. He grabs his badge and holstered pistol off an end table, heads for the door and goes out. We see him scoop something off the floor outside his door and toss it inside before he closes the door after him.

MOVE IN towards the floor and see that it's a pile of mail - a couple of bills, letters...and the latest CLASSY INTIMATES catalogue.

CLOSE ON the catalogue: a COVER MODEL (Lucy Preston) splayed on a plush loveseat, barely dressed in silky lingerie. Blowing kisses and mute desire...

MATCH CUT TO:

4 INT. PRECINCT - NIGHT 4

SLAM - the same catalogue - landing on the table.

PULL BACK to reveal we're in the duty room.

ON SCHANKE : HE STEPS BACK. Cocks his head to look at the front cover of the catalogue. He lets out a low whistle under his breath.

A couple of other cops, BOLLINGER and FORREST stand by. Bollinger fiddles with a slide projector as

STONETREE ENTERS. Carrying a legal folder.

STONETREE
(studying papers)
Knight in yet?

SCHANKE
Should be on his way.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

STONETREE
Okay, let's do this.
(beat)
Bollinger? Did you give Detective
Schanke your file?

BOLLINGER
Everything we got.

STONETREE SITS and the others follow suit. All except
Forrest who takes over at the projector. Bollinger hits the
lights and the room goes dark.

CLICK - An image springs up on one wall: The crimescene
photo of STEPHANIE DONOVAN in her death pose on the park
bench.

FORREST
This is how we found her.
Asphyxiated.

SCHANKE
Jeez. Looks like an ad.

BOLLINGER
That's what we thought, too. We've
got some slides - catalogue shots
to compare with - see how far the
similarity goes.

FORREST
It might mean something if the
killer was trying to make it look
like that on purpose --

STONETREE
(interrupting)
Or it could have been an attempt
to make her look alive so he could
get away.

NICK APPEARS at the door.

STONETREE
(nodding hello)
Detective Knight.
(beat)
You know Bollinger and Forrest.
Missing Persons.

NICK NODS to them. Takes a seat and SEES STEPHANIE
DONOVAN'S corpse onscreen, dressed to-die-for.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: 2

4

SCHANKE
You're just in time for the Jane
Doe Slide Show.

NICK
Who is it?

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: 3

4

BOLLINGER

Stephanie Donovan. Number One in our active file.

FORREST

Reported missing four months ago.

FORREST clicks another slide into place.

FORREST (cont'd)

She was a top model. Last seen gracing the cover of the Classy Intimates catalogue.

NICK

(wry)

Classy Intimates...The lingerie catalogue 'for discerning tastes'?

SCHANKE

So goes their motto - but I dunno about lately - Seems like they've been getting more and more risqué. The stuff used to be, I dunno - more conservative or something...

(lost in thought)

- Not that it wasn't attractive, mind you, but it's gotten so much more...revealing - I mean, it's at the point where Myra doesn't even leave 'em around any more. Unless I get to the mailbox first -

He catches the exchanged looks out of the corner of his eye.

SCHANKE

What?

Smirks exchanged.

SCHANKE

Oh, like no one here's ever taken a peek -

NICK

Gee, Skank. They show up in my mail all the time. If I'd known I wouldn't have been throwing them away so...carelessly.

BOLLINGER

Don't worry about it, Knight. He's got a collection of back issues in his locker that'd choke a whale.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: 4

4

SCHANKE

Yeah, right.

Snickers all around.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: 5

4

SCHANKE

(annoyed)

What - I'm a pervert because I believe in being prepared for last minute gift-giving?

(beat; to Nick)

Take it from the married man, Nick. Quickest way to a woman's heart? Buy her underwear that fits.

Nick gins.

FORREST

Anyway, she's yours now. Our missing person is your homicide. Found her on a bench in Toronto Island Park this morning. Dressed just like...that.

He clicks in another slide of Stephanie in her death pose. Nick studies it.

NICK

A stalker, maybe.

BOLLINGER

Possibly. But we haven't found anything to substantiate. No sick fan mail. No reports that she was being followed.

(beat)

And everyone who worked with her and Max Henkel, her photographer, had an alibi. The other models, his assistant, make-up artists...they all checked out.

STONETREE

What was James Dean's line - about leaving a good-looking corpse? -

FORREST

That's the thing. Assuming she was kidnapped, there certainly wasn't any sign of bodily harm. It was like she was being very well cared for.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: 6

SCHANKE
A happy hostage.

BOLLINGER
Then again - Maybe she just ran
away. Chucked it all and took off
with her boyfriend.

NICK
And they had a fatal falling out.

BOLLINGER CLICKS another slide into position: a strikingly
beautiful model barely clad in lingerie.

CLOSE ON NICK: instantly struck by the image of the
beautiful woman. Suddenly uncomfortable.

NICK
Who's that?

Bollinger, Forrest and Schanke answer a little too quickly
as one.

THE COPS
(in unison)
Lucy Preston.

Busted - they throw sheepish glances at one another.

CLOSE ON Nick as he stares at the image, it becomes:

5 INT. BACKSTAGE DRESSING ROOM - PARIS 1889 - NIGHT

ANOTHER WOMAN who bears an uncanny resemblance to Lucy
Preston. Seated at a vanity. She wears a ballerina's white
tutu. She extends her arms in a long slow stretch, turns,
straightening and SMILES O.C. to

NICK who stands at the door of her dressing room - Staring
like a deer caught in the headlights...

SCHANKE (V.O.)
...Lucy Preston, Nick. Jeez -

6 INT. PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS (PRESENT)

Nick comes back to the present -

SCHANKE

Now maybe you'll learn to
appreciate your junk mail. That's
the queen of lingerie models.
Every husband's soft-core fantasy.

(beat)

She is Classy Intimates...

OFF THE SLIDE of his memory's lookalike - Lucy Preston:

7 INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

Natalie holds up the sheet for Nick to see.

STEPHANIE looks beautiful in death.

NATALIE

Any mortician would envy the job
that was done on her.

NICK

Mortician?

NATALIE

She was bathed, dressed, coiffed
and made up after her death.

He stares at the body. Frowns.

NICK

Right after she was suffocated.

NATALIE

Within an hour, I'd say. She'd only
been dead three hours when they
found her.

(beat)

There's some bruising under her
lips. It suggests maybe a pillow
was used - pressed over her face.
Other than that - I see no signs of
physical abuse. Of any kind.

Nick looks at her in mild surprise.

NATALIE

None.

NICK

Where do you think she spent the
last four months?

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

NATALIE

In someone's lap of luxury, I'd say.

Nick looks puzzled. Natalie hands him a file.

NATALIE

About an hour before her death she ate a gourmet meal - caviar and pate - the contents of her stomach are in that file if you want more details. Suffice to say she'd dined well - and washed it down with a very good champagne. In fact, her blood alcohol level was very high so lets make that...lots...of very good champagne.

(beat)

Are you sure she was kidnapped?

NICK

It's the main assumption at this point. There's nothing to suggest otherwise.

NATALIE

Well, I'm still waiting for the results of the chemical trace, but -

SCHANKE shoots his head around the corner.

SCHANKE'S VOICE

(interrupting)

There's that partner of mine! Come on. We're going to a lingerie photo shoot.

(off his look)

Guess where. Your friend's club - The Raven.

Nick and Natalie exchange surprised looks.

Schanke winks at Natalie as he follows Nick out.

SCHANKE

Sometimes you really gotta love this job.

8 INT. RAVEN - NIGHT

LUCY PRESTON strikes a smoky pose in an elegant merry widow of lace and silk as she leans back against the bar. A Male Model, posing as a nonchalant bartender, places a colourful cocktail at her elbow. FLASH. FLASH. FLASH. She changes her expression slightly, moves slowly for the camera with each click of the shutter.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

MAX'S VOICE

Good. Beautiful. To the left a
little...chin a little higher -
Good. Little different now...Sorry
sweetheart - the arm? - Your hand's
covering the details of the -
right. Good.

FLASH.

The photographer, MAX HENKEL, coos at her, encouraging...

MAX

Brilliant.

Schanke and Nick enter the club, make their way past the
litter of camera cases and lights. Two models in loose
kimonos wait, bored, while a makeup artist touches up their
already perfect faces....Schanke stops to appreciate. Nick
urges him on.

NICK

No loitering.

Schanke catches sight of Lucy and halts in awe.

SCHANKE

(sotto)

Wow. It's her. Lucy Preston.

He gulps.

SCHANKE (cont'd)

(sotto to Nick; re:Lucy)

So much for Myra's airbrush
theory.

Nick moves past.

ON JANETTE

As Nick comes up.

JANETTE

What a nice surprise, Nicolas.

NICK

The surprise is all mine.

He casts a wry look at the scene around him.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: 2

8

JANETTE

They wanted something different for the Christmas catalogue.

(sly smile)

I couldn't resist the irony. -
Besides, I wanted to show off the new decor. You like? -

He gives her a hard look.

JANETTE

(pouting)

Don't worry. I've sent the others out to play - they won't start straggling back until dawn.

He nods, reassured.

The place looks different. House lights have been turned off in favor of the glaring lights of a photo shoot. Models walk around in loose robes that flutter and flash the lingerie visible beneath as they stand for makeup and hair adjustments.

JANETTE

(re: Lucy)

What do you think of her?

He shrugs. Tries to act casual.

JANETTE (cont'd)

A "timeless beauty", no?

(beat)

Do you see the resemblance, Nicholas?

NICK

She's a model. That's all.

He is too quick to cut her off. She smiles slightly.

JANETTE

A hundred years and you still won't talk about it.

They look at one another for a long moment.

NICK

No. I don't think I'll ever want to talk about it.

She turns a languid eye towards Lucy.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: 3

JANETTE

It's uncanny, though, you must
admit.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: 4

8

Nick turns abruptly and walks away. Janettte watches him go with a curious look on his face.

Nick walks over to the photographer, Max, who has turned to retrieve another roll of film from his case.

NICK
You're Max Henkel?

He transfers his camera to another hand and smiles a boyish smile.

MAX
Yes. What can I do for you?

9 INT. RAVEN - BACKROOM - NIGHT

9

Max's stunned face. He shakes his head in disbelief.

MAX
I guess we always knew there was a possibility she might not be found alive.

NICK
You and Stephanie were very close?

MAX
I discovered her. She was my protege. That kind of close. I don't know what I can tell you that I haven't already told the other officers. I'll...I'll try to think of something.
(beat)
But, if it's okay with you...right now, I just need some time to digest this.

Nick studies him. Beat.

NICK
Anything else comes up, you call. Otherwise, you may hear from us if we find out anything.

He hands Max a card.

LUCY'S VOICE
Max?

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

They look up. She's standing at the door staring at Nick with a look of guarded caution.

MAX

I'll be there in a minute. We'll do that silk kimono thing next. You can change now -

But she comes into the room, still sizing Nick up.

LUCY

They still have setting up to do for the next layout. Said I should hang out.

She obviously wants to know what Nick and Max are talking about. There is a CRASH outside. Max freezes, scowling.

MAX

What the hell was that?

An ASSISTANT appears in the doorway, anxious to alay Max's panic attack.

ASSISTANT

It was nothing -

MAX

Not another flash umbrella -

ASSISTANT

It'll bend back.

Max makes a disgusted noise and huffs out, past the assistant, who follows nervously.

MAX

Charlie, I swear I should be able to leave the room for two minutes -

And they're gone, leaving Nick alone with Lucy.

Lucy turns to Nick. Nick smiles at her. She doesn't smile back.

NICK

Nick Knight.

She looks at his outstretched hand. Doesn't take it.

LUCY

You're from Kittenclub?

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: 2

NICK
Kittenclub?

LUCY
That...men's magazine.

He's slightly taken aback.

LUCY (cont'd)
(quickly)
'Cause if you are...I just want you
to know...I haven't said 'yes'
yet....

(beat)
I don't know what he told you. Max
gets overenthusiastic sometimes
...maybe before things are done
deals, you know?

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: 3

9

NICK

...I'm with the police department.

Her relief is instantaneous.

LUCY

Oh...! Oh. Sorry. I thought - Well,
never mind what I thought. - Lucy
Preston. Can we start again?

She offers her hand. Suddenly coltish and friendly. Nick
is charmed. He returns her handshake.

NICK

Absolutely. Nice to meet you.

LUCY

You're a cop - a detective?

He nods.

LUCY

Here about Stephanie, right?

Nick hesitates. Her look grows concerned.

LUCY

You're still looking for her, I
hope. You haven't given up.

NICK

We found her.

(beat)

Stephanie's dead, Ms. Preston.

Lucy's eyes widen in shock. After a terrified pause...

LUCY

How?

NICK

I'm not at liberty to say just now.

(beat; gently)

You two were friends?

Lucy nods, horrified.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: 4

9

LUCY
We weren't really really close
...but...ah...I mean, we did
shoots together. Had lunch a few
times and stuff...Dead. Oh my God.
Oh my god.

He stares at her, feeling for her. They are interrupted once
again by Max's Assistant, meek in the aftermath of a
chastisement.

ASSISTANT
Excuse me? Um, Lucy? Ah...

She throws a look to Nick. Then to the Assistant.

LUCY
Tell him I'll be right there.

Off his nod and exit, she turns to Nick.

LUCY
I gotta get back to work...

NICK
If my partner or I need to talk to
you again-

LUCY
Sure. Um...

She reaches for her model's bag and digs in, pulling out a
slip of card paper. She takes the pen Nick hands her and
writes her number.

LUCY
My home number. Anything I can do
to help.

Nick smiles his appreciation.

Without another word, she goes out, leaving him there to
stare at the model's comp card in his hand.

10 INT. RAVEN - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

1

Schanke flips his notepad shut as Nick comes up. A
lingerie'd creature slinks away. Nick gives him a wry look.
In the background, Lucy, in a silk kimono, grabs a
decorative chain with each hand and allows Max to position
her for the next shot.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

SCHANKE

No new leads. I'm not gettin' anything here that hasn't already been warmed over thirty times in the missing persons file.

NICK

(sighing)

Maybe Natalie'll have the test results back - something for us to go on.

They walk out. Beat.

ON MAX as he moves his eye away from the viewfinder. Lucy is adjusting her robe, moving the collar a little higher as she arranges the pose.

MAX

No, sweetheart. Let it fall open.

She hesitates.

MAX

I said, let it fall - Murdoch - adjust it for me, will you?

The assistant hesitates, not wanting to get involved. Max glares at him.

MAX

Excuse me, Murdoch? Are you working here?

(beat)

Do you want to work here?

The assistant obeys. Ducking into the scene to pull down Lucy's collar slightly. Exposing more of her cleavage. He shrugs apologetically as Lucy GLARES COLDLY at Max.

LUCY

It's a catalogue, Max. We're selling underwear.

MAX

(schmoozing her)

And you can sell sexy clothes without sex? I don't think so. No frowning. You get those wrinkles in your forehead, you look like my mother in the nursing home.

Beat. Polaroid FLASH. Lucy scowls as the Assistant is darting away. That one's not going to end up in print.

11 INT. NICK'S LOFT - NIGHT

1

Nick lowers the blinds and pinches out the morning rays. Beat. He stands in the middle of the livingroom thinking for a long moment... ON NICK'S JACKET as he reaches it. Pulls out Lucy's comp and stares at it.

ON COMP

Lucy smiles out at us from the card.

Nick stares at it, intense...Then his eyes drift off as he thinks back to...

12 INT. MUSIC HALL - PARIS 1889 - NIGHT

1

CLOSE ON a beautiful face, glowing in the ambience of the footlights and the reflected whiteness of her headpiece and costume as she moves her arm gracefully in an arc.

FOLLOW HER TIGHTLY as she springs up on her toes. She pirouettes and plies to the MUSIC.

TIGHT ON NICK as he watches almost breathlessly, his concentration intense.

JANETTE'S VOICE

We'll go backstage tonight?

He snaps around to face Janette who is sitting beside him. They are in a high balcony. She smoothes the ruffles of her skirt. He shakes his head.

NICK

No.

JANETTE

(sighing)

Oh, Nicolas. This is getting so - repetitive. It's why you come here every night, isn't it? To meet her?

His attention is again drawn towards the stage. He shakes his head slowly, firmly.

NICK

I wouldn't darken her doorstep with the stain of my shadow.

NICK'S POV: the dancing swan. SYLVAINÉ the prima ballerina. Dancing to music that continues OVER -

13 INT. NICK'S LOFT - NIGHT

13

He throws down the card and walks abruptly to the stereo.
Crankes up something modern and metallic until it drowns out
his memory of the music.

PULL BACK, leaving him there with his tormented thoughts.

14 EXT. RAVEN - NIGHT

14

The door opens and the models spill out. Lucy is among them. They ADLIB goodbyes. Lucy watches and waves as they head off in other directions.

After a beat, she lowers her arm. Her face is contemplative. She pulls her collar tightly around her neck and turns.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Lucy, struggling with her oversized bag, digging for her keys, walks through the parking lot towards her car. FOOTSTEPS behind her. She stops, turns -

Nothing.

SUDDENLY, a hand SNAKES AROUND FROM BEHIND HER, FORCING A SMALL CLOTH OVER HER FACE.

She struggles for only a second before sagging into the arms of an unseen assailant.

FADE OUT

FADE OUT

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

15 INT. PRECINT - NIGHT

15

WITH NICK as he punches through the door. Schanke is on him in a second.

SCHANKE

Jeez - Where have you been? I called your place about a hundred times, left about ninety messages.

Nick is taken aback.

NICK

I - I must have had the stereo up too loud. What happened?

SCHANKE

Lucy Preston. She's disappeared.

Nick stares at him.

NICK

What do you mean 'disappeared'?

SCHANKE

I mean, her agent called us this afternoon after she didn't show up for a booking. Bollinger checked it out and found her car in the lot behind the Raven Club. No sign of her.

NICK

Kidnapped?

SCHANKE

Missing, anyway. AWOL. Just like Stephanie Donovan.

NICK

Let's hope not--

JANETTE'S VOICE

Nick?

NICK WHEELS AROUND to find Janette standing there. He reacts in surprise as Janette casts a critical eye around the precinct.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

JANETTE

So this is where you work...
(beat; strained smile)
Interesting decor. Shall I send
Alma over - She did such a
wonderful job on the club -

Nick forces a smile. Takes Janette by the elbow and hustles
her past Schanke.

NICK

(to Schanke)

Excuse us for a moment, won't you?

OFF Schanke, looking puzzled.

16 IN THE BACKGROUND: a group from the Raven shoot in the
B.G. (models, assistants, etc) Sitting around a precinct
desk. Answering a policewoman's questions.

17 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

Nick comes in with Janette and closes the door behind them.

NICK

(aghast)

What are you doing here?

JANETTE

(wry)

Paying a parking ticket...Trying to
meet men?...

(beat)

I was brought in for questioning.

NICK

Lucy Preston's disappearance.

JANETTE

Uh-huh.

(lightly)

Poor thing.

He glares at her as a thought suddenly occurs to him.

NICK

Do you know anything about this?

JANETTE

You mean, did one of us...?

(beat)

Don't be ridiculous.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

NICK

I'm serious.

Janette looks around warily. Whispers to Nick.

JANETTE

(sotto)

You know how rarely any of..."us"
feeds on humans anymore. - Not
that it isn't sorely tempting at
times...

(beat)

They dragged me in here because I
was one of the last people who saw
the girl. I'm actually sorry I
couldn't be more helpful.

She turns to go as the door opens and Schanke comes in with
Max Henkel.

JANETTE

(to Schanke; sweetly)

May I go now, officer? Detective
Knight has grilled a confession out
of me and I admitted it: I had
nothing to do with anything.

Schanke glances at Nick. A look that says "weird friends".

SCHANKE

You're free to go. We know where to
find you.

(beat)

And Janette? Thanks for coming
down.

JANETTE

Believe me, seeing Nicholas in his
element here was all my pleasure.

She winks at Nick and EXITS.

SCHANKE

(mimicking Janette)

Nich- Oh- Las?

(beat)

What is she? Hungarian or
something?

NICK

Among other things.

Schanke CLOSES the door behind Max, offers him a chair. Max
seems agitated.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: 2

17

SCHANKE

Have a seat, Mr. Henkel.

He takes the chair offered but doesn't stop twitching.

MAX

Where the hell could she be?

NICK

Right now, she's still a missing person. Another department's handling it.

(beat)

We want to talk about Stephanie Donovan.

MAX

(exasperated)

Stephanie?! I...I can't think about Sophie right now. What about Lucy Preston?

Nick and Schanke exchange a look.

SCHANKE

How about Lucy? When did you last see her?

MAX

She was leaving the club. With the other models. We wrapped the shoot late.

NICK

She left before you?

MAX

(hesitating; confused)

Well...No. I left before her. We were on our way out together and then she hung back to talk to the others.

NICK

(on a hunch)

Have a fight with her?

MAX

No.

Beat.

NICK

About Kittenclub magazine?

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: 3

17

Max looks at him, surprised...

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: 4

17

MAX

(after a pause)

...A bit of a disagreement. It was nothing.

NICK

Tell me about it.

Max shrugs an elaborate dismissal.

MAX

It's about a photo spread she's going to be in. She was a little worried about it, you know? But it's a classy magazine. Classy. Not just some skin rag.

(beat)

She was a little nervous - they all are at first - but mainly I think she was really excited about it. It's a great opportunity for her modelling career.

Nick watches him, reserved.

18 INT. PRECINCT - NIGHT

18

Nick and Schanke watch as Max leaves. Nick turns to Schanke.

NICK

He's full of it. Lucy Preston didn't want anything to do with Kittenclub. At least, that's the impression she gave me.

SCHANKE

Think he's hiding something?

NICK

Maybe not Lucy Preston. But something.

SCHANKE

He was Bollinger and Forrest's original first suspect.

NICK

As far as I'm concerned, he still is.

19 INT. A BEDROOM - NIGHT

19

Lucy, lying on a bed, slowly comes to. Beat. She sits up suddenly and looks around. She's in a bedroom - very pretty room. A swirl of fabric falls from the ceiling above the bed and swoops to either side, very dramatic. There is a chair in matching fabric and cushions - many cushions. It's very romantic and very comfortable. A princess' room when the King's on a budget.

She rises cautiously from the bed and makes her way around the room, scared, confused, still a little uncertain of her footing from the anaesthetic. Beside a vanity mirror above the dresser, several dresses hang neatly - as though ready for her approval. She touches them, frowning...then her hand drifts off to reach out for a window curtain - she hesitates, then pulls it gingerly aside - to reveal a BRICK WALL.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

Confused, she moves to another window on the adjoining wall...moves the curtain aside....more brick. With a growing horror she turns, searching for a door - a way out.

THE FINAL CURTAIN: she yanks it aside. This time, instead of brick - there are bars. And darkness beyond. She shrinks back, realizing: she's in a nicely appointed PRISON CELL.

LUCY

Oh my god...

She turns away, scanning the room, eyes wide with disbelief.

LUCY (cont'd)

(whispering)

My god, what is this?

She stares out at the darkness beyond the bars as the total horror of her situation becomes clear.

20 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

20

We're looking at Lucy through a glass pane INTO LUCY'S ROOM / CELL. A HAND comes into focus over this image, resting against the glass of a one-way mirror...Beat. The fingers curl ever so slightly, almost stroking the glass...before sliding out of view.

21 EXT. PRECINCT - NIGHT

2

Nick inserts the key in his car lock then looks up to see Janette. She leans against the car and regards him.

NICK

Thought you'd gone. Could it be you like it here more than you care to admit-?

JANETTE

Something is troubling you.

NICK

(beat;wry)

I'm a homicide detective. I'm paid to be troubled by things.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

2

JANETTE

"Paid." What a quaint idea. If only they knew how wealthy you really are.

She comes around to where he is standing and closes the car door. Faces him.

JANETTE

(beat)

No matter how deeply you try to bury yourself in this make-believe mortal life of yours - you cannot deny our connection. We are still both the children of LaCroix.

(beat)

And the threads of that connection have been vibrating lately.

NICK

Sure you didn't strum them yourself?

JANETTE

You know what I'd give to still have that power... No...I'm not playing the tune, I'm only hearing it...

(beat; pointedly)

It's Lucy Preston, isn't it?

At the mention of her name, Nick draws away.

NICK

Of course I'm concerned about her. She could be in a lot of danger.

JANETTE

That isn't why, sweet Nicolas, though, is it?

He stares at her, unwilling to give in.

JANETTE

(whispers close)

Sylvaine Montrachet...

He jerks away at the mention of the name.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: 2

21

JANETTE

It concerned you and it concerned
Lacroix - therefore it concerned
me. I want to know what happened.
- It's going to haunt you until you
talk about it.

He turns to face her.

NICK

My whole life haunts me.

He climbs abruptly into his car. Janette watches, a dark
curiosity burning in her eyes as he drives away.

22 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

22

MOVE IN on Nick's Caddy as he drives along.

23 INT. NICK'S CADDY - NIGHT

23

The streetlights strobe over his face as he stares ahead at the road, lost in thought...FLASHING BACK TO:

24 INT. THEATRE - PARIS 1889 - NIGHT

24

Nick is alone in the box for this performance, but stares raptly, as usual, at the stage.

25

Finally exhausted her patience, did you?

Nick looks up as Lacroix slides into the seat beside him. Lacroix sees his frown of confusion.

LACROIX

Janette. Janette.

(shakes his head)

Poor smitten fool. You are in a fog, aren't you? What's this, our seventeenth performance? Eighteenth?

Nick returns his attention to the stage.

NICK

I've figured out what it is about her.

LACROIX

Do tell.

NICK

Her purity. Absolute...purity.

NICK'S POV as the music ends and Sylvaine pauses in a halo of shimmering light, stooping to sweep up a bouquet flung onto the stage, turning her face full towards us...radiant.

NICK'S VOICE

She's the closest thing to an angel I've ever seen.

Lacroix stares at Nick. Displeasure leaking into his smirk. This has gone too far.

24A INT. NICK'S CADDIE - NIGHT - CONTINUING

241

Nick stops the car and rests his forehead on the steering wheel.

HOLD ON him for a long beat.

26 INT. LUCY'S ROOM - NIGHT

2

Lucy is on the floor, curled up in a corner, her knees drawn to her like a frightened child. She stares unblinking at the room spread out in front of her.

HEAR O.S., a noise...a SWIISSSH. She turns her head. An elaborately wrapped present slides in under the bars.

She recoils from it in horror. Whimpers.

LUCY

Who is it?

(beat)

Please...whoever you are. Just let me go.

No answer.

ANGLE ON

Lucy's reflection in the mirror as she curls up, sobbing...
WE MOVE IN..

27 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

2

PULL BACK from the soundless captor who watches Lucy in her corner. His shadowy form passes as he leaves his captive alone.

28 INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

2

Grace is hunched over a microscope. Natalie comes in.

GRACE

Natalie. Something you should take a look at.

NATALIE

What is it?

GRACE

Donovan case. I found something strange.

29 INT. CLASSY INTIMATES PHOTO STUDIO - NIGHT

2

Blowups of lingerie shots decorate the walls. The corners are littered with rolls of backdrop paper, flash umbrellas standing by. The door opens. Max comes in and closes it. He looks around.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

MAX

Hello? Anybody here?

No answer.

CLOSE ON MAX : He licks his lips nervously. Lifts a briefcase into view and enters an adjoining room marked "darkroom".

FIND the red warning light above the door as it lights up.

30 INT. - DARKROOM

30

Max is bathed in the red glow of the room. He opens his briefcase. Pulls out a folder and puts it carefully down. All the while he's stopping to listen...making sure he's alone. He pulls out some negatives.

31 EXT. PARK - NIGHT

31

Nick gets out of his car and walks towards the bench where Stephanie Donovan's body was found...He stops there, stares as thoughts come to him again from deep inside, disturb his concentration -

NICK'S VOICE

(from the past)

Let go of me -

31A INT. THEATRE - BACKSTAGE - PARIS 1889 - NIGHT

31A

Two figures come down the wooden steps, kicking up the backstage dust. One is pulling the other. As they move into the gaslight, we see it's Lacroix - pulling Nick. Nick makes a final effort to wrench free. Lacroix pins him against the wall amongst the backstage paraphernalia of props and pulleys

LACROIX

This is idiotic! What can you hope to accomplish by merely gazing at her from afar night after night? Go in there. Go in there. Introduce yourself!

NICK

I'd repulse her. Purity's repulsed by pure evil.

LACROIX

Purity's an illusion. What's the allure?

(CONTINUED)

31A CONTINUED:

31A

Beat. Nick stares at him.

NICK

Possibly something I regret leaving behind. A feeling. Humaness.

LACROIX

(feverish)

Look here, Nicolas. There really are only three choices in the matter - Try to love her as a human - Well, you know that's impossible so let's move right along - Continue in this manner to stare at her over the baulistrade like a lovestruck mongrel, which would be a terrific waste of eternity -

(beat;intense)

Or consummate your intense love for her in the most intense way. Take her....and kill her.

Nick follows his leering gaze to the closed door of Sylvaine's dressingroom.

LACROIX

Purity! Purity! Where do you get such notions? She's a dancer. An actress acting the part of an angel. - In truth, she's a common slut, Nicolas.

Nick turns to Lacroix in an ominous flashing rage.

NICK

How dare you-

LACROIX

Go ahead, Nick. Take her when it's your turn. You might as well. You want her so badly.

(beat)

It's all in keeping with your... "code" of the last three centuries.

(disgusted)

Preying on derelicts and criminals. Feeding off the useless and impure.

Nick turns in an ominous flashing rage.

NICK

How dare you.

(CONTINUED)

31A CONTINUED: 2

31A

Nick dives at him with all his strength. Grabs Lacroix up and SNARLS AT HIM with unsheathed vampire fangs.

A cellphone BEEPS OVER:

31B EXT. PARK BENCH - NIGHT (CONTINUING)

31B

Nick pulls out the cellphone and answers.

NICK
Knight here.

31C INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

31C

Natalie on the phone. Grace is with her.

NATALIE'S VOICE
(thru phone)
Nick. It's me, Nat. I think we've got something for you.

31D INTERCUT - NICK

31D

He puts the phone away and heads for his car.

32 INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

32

NICK and SCHANKE waiting as Natalie comes in carrying a file.

NATALIE
Here. Skin sample test. It shows traces of vinegar on Sophie Donovan's skin.

SCHANKE
Vinegar?

NATALIE
Actually, a chemical very similar to vinegar. Photo developing fluid.

NICK
That's unusual?

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

NATALIE

Well, she was a model. Not a photographer.

SCHANKE

Something else. Turns out Mister Max had a closer relationship with Sophie than he previously admitted. Some of the other girls talked. Said he threatened her just before she was kidnapped. Her contract for the magazine was up and she wasn't going to renew.

NICK

She was a key member in his stable. Sophie made him a star photographer. She was like his muse.

SCHANKE

So what happens when your muse threatens to walk?

NICK

You put her on a leash.

They look at each other.

33 INT. PHOTO STUDIO - NIGHT

Nick and Schanke ENTER and look around.

NICK

Hello? Anybody here?

No answer. Schanke whistles low at the lingerie shots adorning the walls.

Nick LOOKS UP at the red light above the darkroom door.

NICK

(to Schanke)

The darkroom.

They head for it.

34 INT. DARKROOM - NIGHT

KNOCK KNOCK. KNOCK KNOCK.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

NICK'S VOICE
(thru door)
Anyone there?

SCHANKE
Metro police.

No answer. The door opens to admit Nick and Schanke suddenly they stop dead in their tracks.

PULL BACK to include a pair of legs dangling in midair.

MAX, dead in the red safelight, hangs by his neck from a cord attached to a beam.

OFF Nick's reaction, we

FADE OUT

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

35 INT. PHOTO STUDIO - NIGHT

35

Forensics assistants cut Max's body down from the rafters and place it on a gurney. Over this we hear:

SCHANKE'S VOICE

(reading)

...I don't care what you do with my body. Dump it in Lake Ontario if you want - leave me down there with Lucy. I did what I had to do. Sophie and Lucy were mine - I created them. They should never have tried to leave me.

(beat)

And on and on. Suicide note.

NICK

It would seem.

FOLLOW the body as it is wheeled out of the darkroom and hold on Schanke as he finishes reading the note.

NATALIE comes by. Holds up a plastic baggie for Nick to see.

NICK

(sober)

So he admits to killing her. He killed Lucy too.

He and Schanke stare at the note and it's message of doom.

NATALIE

I found blonde hairs on his sweater.

NICK

Check them against the ones from Lucy's apartment.

(beat)

Something isn't right about this.

SCHANKE

Like what?

Nick walks back into the darkroom as uniforms mark off the room with yellow tape. He looks around. Stares at the CHAIR lying on its side near the place Max was hanging.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

3

NICK

Why would he kidnap and kill Lucy
if he was planning to kill himself?

SCHANKE

Maybe he wasn't planning to do it.
Maybe he got tipped off we were
onto him. Or maybe it was a
murder-suicide of passion.

NICK

(sotto)

Obsession, possession and
destruction.

(beat; to Schanke)

Maybe you're right but it's just...
too clean.

SCHANKE

You might not feel that way when
Lucy Preston's body washes up on a
beach in three days.

36 INT. LUCY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lucy shoves away a carefully made up tray of food complete
with rose in a bud vase. STARES at the present on the floor
beside it.

Beat. Desperation overcoming reluctance, she reaches for the
present and rips it open. A BEAUTIFUL DRESS FALLS OUT. She
stares at it in confusion. Holds it up.

LUCY

My size.

This seems to disturb her even more. She throws it down as
if repulsed by it. Turns towards the bars and pleads.

LUCY

I want to go home! You hear me?
HOME!

She slides down, sobbing. Kicks the box out of the way, then
picks up a plate of food from her tray and HURLS it at the
mirror.

THEN JUMPS BACK, surprised.

The mirror is shattered to reveal the mesh understructure of
the one-way glass.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

3

And CHARLIE MURDOCH, Max's assistant, on the other side.
They stare at each other. Lucy rushes to him.

LUCY

Charlie?

He only looks at her, sheepishly...touches the mesh to make
sure it's still sound.

LUCY

Charlie - Is that you?

He stares at her pleading face.

LUCY (cont'd)

Tell me what's going on!

He startles slightly as if made jumpy by the urgency in her
voice.

CHARLIE

(stammering)

I...I didn't want you to see me
yet.

LUCY

Why Charlie? Why? Where am I?

CHARLIE

You're...safe.

LUCY

Safe from what?

(beat; dread)

Is this where...Is this what
happened to...Sophie?

CHARLIE

Nobody's gonna hurt you.

LUCY

Did...did you kill Sophie?

He fidgets, agitated.

CHARLIE

I didn't plan it - I was trying to
protect her.

(beat)

She didn't know what I wanted.

She stares at him in dread.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: 2

36

LUCY (cont'd)
Please, Charlie. Please don't hurt
me.

CHARLIE
I won't.

LUCY
Then let me go home -

HE looks away. Shakes his head. Lucy grows anxious.

LUCY
Why not? Why not?

CHARLIE LEANS IN.

CLOSE ON HIS FACE: his eyes. Aglow with psychotic fervor.

CHARLIE
Someone... has to protect you.

With that he turns and leaves. Lucy stares after him -
struck.

LUCY
No! Charlie please! Please let me
go! Charlie!

CLICK the door shuts, cutting off her protests.

37 INT. BACKSTAGE - PARIS 1889 - NIGHT

Nick shoots Lacroix a look of naked threat.

NICK
Don't you ever say another word
about her.

He reaches for Lacroix and thrusts him across the room. He
crashes into a wall and slumps to the floor, props falling
in a splintering shower around him.

Nick advances, eyes glowing yellow. Vampire angry.

Lacroix looks up at him in surprise and breaks into a wide
grin.

LACROIX
(mocking)
Love has made you stronger.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

He stands and dusts himself off. His mocking smile fades and a hard gleam comes into his eye.

LACROIX (cont'd)
You're a simpering fool, Nicholas.
(beat)
Take her.

NICK
I have no designs on her.

LACROIX
Then you won't even stand in line?
(off his look)
They wait for her outside her
dressingroom. One by one. Sometimes
she takes even two at a time.

NICK
Filthy liar.

LACROIX
See for yourself.

LACROIX TURNS and POINTS as two men come surreptitiously out of Sylvaine's dressingroom. They look both ways, adjust their clothes and scurry off.

Nick whips around to Lacroix. On his face, fear.

NICK
If they took anything it was theft.

He runs to the door without stopping to think, bursts in -

ON LACROIX: the evil grin spreading slowly on his face again.

38 INT. DRESSINGROOM - PARIS 1889 - NIGHT

38

Sylvaine is even more beautiful up close. She wears a robe over what may be her costume underneath. Nick is suddenly unsure as she turns to face her visitor.

He stares at her, unable to speak.

CLOSE ON Sylvaine's slightly surprised face. Her surprise transforms slowly into delight.

INTERCUT rapidly. PHOTO FLASH STROBING between cuts with the rapidity of a firing shutter:

39 INT. PRECINCT - DAY (FLASHBACK) 39

The slide of Sophie on the park bench. ANGLE. ANGLE. ANGLE.
Finally:

40 EXT. DARK WATER - NIGHT 40

Looking down on the dark water as Lucy's body, face up,
floats to the surface, eyes open, hair tangled with wet
leaves and branches...

41 INT. NICK'S LOFT - NIGHT 41

Nick tosses and turns, finally gets up. Clearly distrubed by
the FANTASY IMAGE of Lucy's corpse.

42 INT. MORGUE - NIGHT 42

Natalie is working at the computer.

NICK'S HAND is suddenly on her shoulder. Startling her.

NATALIE

Nick. What are you doing here?

She looks at her watch.

NATALIE

The sun's barely gone down.

NICK

I couldn't sleep.

She looks at him.

NATALIE

I can see that.

NICK

I keep thinking about the Lucy
Preston and Sophie Donovan.

NATALIE

I thought that one was about to be
closed.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

NICK

There's something wrong. It doesn't make sense that Max would go to so much trouble to make up Sophie Donovan - prepare her corpse so painstakingly - but then just dump Lucy Preston's body in the lake.

NATALIE

We don't know that he did that. They've had divers out all day and nothing's turned up.

(beat)

Although, he didn't have the kind of time he had with Sophie. A guy planning to kill himself- -

NICK

But did he? Kill himself, I mean.

OFF NATALIE

43 INT. LUCY'S ROOM - NIGHT

43

Lucy is finished crying. She sits on the edge of the bed and thinks. Her eyes go to the dress, lying in a heap on the floor. She stares at it a long time. Slowly she stands and goes over to it. Fingers the material.

CHARLIE'S VOICE

(echoing in her head)

You need protection...

The memory of these word unerves her. She wipes her eyes, the gesture is almost childlike.

She sniffs. Slowly, glancing at the exposed mesh above the dresser, she holds up the dress. It falls in a cascade of silk to the floor. It's a long, romantic dress with a low cut bodice.

CHARLIE'S VOICE

Sophie didn't know what I wanted.

She stares off into space, suddenly resolute.

PAN TO THE BROKEN, two-way mirror. What remains of her reflection around the broken area.

And see her unbutton her top...slide it off her shoulders.

44 INT. RAVEN - NIGHT

44

The place is hopping as usual. Nick stands in the crowd, staring.

Janette stares back. For a long time they stay like this, oblivious to the gyrations around them. Then we see her lips move...above the noise of the music, hear her words like a whisper only for Nick:

JANETTE

You're ready to talk about it.

45 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

45

Nick leans against the alley door. Janette comes out, closing out the sound of music behind her. The night wind ruffles her hair as she folds her arms around him.

JANETTE

Poor Nicolas. Tortured by a soul he hasn't got.

She isn't teasing. Nick closes his eyes.

NICK

I was tricked.

JANETTE

Tell me about it.

Nick looks at her.

JANETTE (cont'd)

Tell me about it.

46 INT. DRESSINGROOM - PARIS 1889 - NIGHT

46

Sylvaine's face. Her eyes sparkle in the gaslight that filters through the bouquets of roses that are everywhere. She holds out a hand, her movements graceful even now.

SYLVAINE

So many visitors tonight.

Nick doesn't take her hand.

NICK

No...

She withdraws her hand, confused.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

40

NICK

Please, I don't mean to be rude.
I..I only came to make sure--

Beat. He stares at her, unable to speak.

SYLVAINE

Make sure? Of what?

NICK

That you're unharmed.

She looks at him in surprise.

SYLVAINE

I'm fine.
(confused)
You're referring to my ankle?

He shakes his head.

SYLVAINE

I'm sorry -

NICK

The men that were in here.

SYLVAINE

Ah, yes. So many visitors tonight,
Nico-

She stops herself, suddenly embarrassed to have revealed -

NICK

You know my name?

Beat. She hesitates. Then, with a subtle gesture of abandon.

SYLVAINE

Yes.

He stares at her, not knowing what to say. She looks away,
shy suddenly.

SYLVAINE (cont'd)

I've seen you here on so many
nights. I asked about you.

She looks at him full now, abandoning her shyness. Takes a
step closer.

SYLVAINE

Are you...in love with the ballet?

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: 2

46

MOVE IN ON NICK this is the moment of reveal. Is he going to leave? Can he? He looks at her.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: 3

4

NICK
(whispers)
I love watching you dance...

She smiles. Pure delight and hope.

Beat. Nick turns abruptly.

47 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

4

ON NICK: he stops and shuts his eyes tightly. He and Janette walk a dark street together.

NICK
She'd recognized me from all the performances I'd been to. She recognized me.

JANETTE
You must have been very flattered.

NICK
No. Her compliment went to a deeper place in me.
(beat)
For a moment, I believed I was worthy. It was... painful. Knowing that it was an illusion.

48 INTERCUT - DRESSINGROOM (PAST)

4

Nick turning to go.

SYLVAINE
Don't leave -

NICK
We shouldn't have met. You'll never see me again.

She reaches for him. Urgent.

SYLVAINE
No-
(beat)
Please. Stay.

He turns back. She pulls herself to him. They stare at each other.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

4

NICK (V.O.)
Then she did something
extraordinary.

She kisses him.

NICK
(whispered)
No.

SYLVAINE
Why?

She kisses him and he responds. He is unable to stop,
tormented by his lack of control...his eyes blaze yellow...

NICK (V.O.)
I was confused. My mind was a
jumble of images, impressions - I
didn't know what to think.

Sylvaine pushes his coat back from his shoulders.

SYLVAINE
(whispering)
I love you.

NICK LOOKS at her: confusion in his eyes. She pulls off her
robe, starts untying the costume.

SYLVAINE (cont'd)
Yes, Nicolas. I've been watching
you as you've been watching
me...Knowing it would come to this
some day-

He stops. Stares at her in disbelief.

NICK
Don't. Don't love me- How can you?

SYLVAINE
How can anyone love anyone?

He shakes his head.

NICK
Say it isn't true. Say it isn't.

She only closes her eyes and pulls herself closer.

SYLVAINE
I can't. It's the truth.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: 2

48

His face contorts into a grimace of disillusionment. He grips her arms roughly.

NICK
How can purity tolerate evil? How
can it love evil?
(beat; bitter)
Unless it isn't purity.

Beat. He can contain his rage no longer. He pulls her to him and forces her neck back.

NICK
(through gritted fangs)
Take you I will...

And he BITES DOWN HARD hard, holding on as he sucks the life from her.

She dies in his arms. He finally withdraws and lets her drop.

49 INTERCUT - DARK STREET (PRESENT)

4

Nick gazes at the skyline. Janette is frozen, seeming to know this moment is fragile for Nick. Respecting it.

NICK
I was fooled.

JANETTE
She was a human woman, Nick-

NICK
But I needed her to be more than
that.
(beat)
And in the end, I condemned her to
less.

He turns suddenly and looks at Janette hard.

50 INTERCUT - DRESSINGROOM (PAST)

CLOSE ON SYLVAINÉ'S FACE.

Lifeless.

51 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

51*

The CELLPHONE RINGS. Nick, staring off into his thoughts
lets it ring several times before answering. Janette
stands nearby.

*
*

NICK

Yes?

*

NATALIE'S VOICE

(thru phone)

Nick, I found something.

(beat)

Max Henkel. The chair he was
standing on had no fingerprints on
it.

*

He sits up, suddenly present.

NICK

(finishing her thought)

He never touched it.

NATALIE'S VOICE

Some suicide, huh? I went back and
ran a check on something else. I
found minute traces of chloroform
in his sinuses.

NICK

And no evidence of struggle in the
darkroom.

(beat)

He was murdered.

NATALIE'S VOICE

By whom?

Suddenly Nick is hit with a realization.

NICK

I have an idea. I'll check it out.
Thanks, Nat.

He hangs up.

JANETTE

What is it? They've found Lucy?

NICK

No - but I have to. She's in grave
danger.

(beat)

She's been kidnapped.

(beat)

By someone who worships her.

52 INT. LUCY'S ROOM - NIGHT

51

FOLLOW UP WITH THE DRESS as it unfurls from a heap on the floor to pull up the length of Lucy's legs and over her shoulders. She reaches around and zips it up. Behind. She dresses slowly, with trepidation. Then we see her standing in the middle of the room in the dress. She looks very beautiful. A ROSE comes into focus in the foreground. She reaches for the champagne bottle beside it and uncorks it.

POP -

53 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

5

Charlie Murdoch moves into FRAME as he arrives to look in on Lucy.

CHARLIE

(under his breath;
worshipping)

Oh Lucy....

He sees her in the dress. She reaches for -

54 INT. LUCY'S ROOM - NIGHT

5

The champagne and drinks. She stops. Hearing something. Still holding the bottle, she approaches the mirror, peering in.

LUCY

(uncertain)

Charlie? Are you there?

He moves now so that the light from the room catches him and we see him.

LUCY

Charlie...I'm wearing your
present...The present you gave me?

(beat)

I wanted you to see it.

Silence. She takes a deep breath.

LUCY

Do you like it on me? Does it look
good?

(beat)

Is it what you imagined?

CHARLIE

(whispering)

...Beautiful.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

Beat. They stare at each other a long moment while she inhales her nerve.

LUCY

Why don't you come in here? Have dinner with me.

(beat)

I'm waiting for you, Charlie.

(beat)

I know Sophie didn't know what you want....

(swallows)

But I do, Charlie....I do.

OFF Charlie's reaction,

FADE OUT:

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

55 INT. - LUCY'S ROOM / CHARLIE'S PLACE - NIGHT

55

RESUME SCENE with Charlie and Lucy.

CLOSE on Charlie's HAND. Moving tentatively toward the lock on the cell door. A KEY in his outstretched fingers.

Charlie places the key in the lock. Turns it. A loud, metallic click sounds as the bolt OPENS.

ON LUCY. Through the bars as the cell door swings open. Wearing the provocative dress and looking as sultry as she can...under the circumstances.

As the door opens

MATCH CUT TO:

56 INT. - DARKROOM - NIGHT

5

The darkroom door OPENS revealing

NICK in the doorway. Quietly scanning the room. He moves silently into the room and begins to search.

57 INT. - PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS

5

SCHANKE holding on the phone. Eating dinner at his desk.

SCHANKE
(beat; into phone)
Hello? Kittenclub Magazine?

58 INT. - DARKROOM

In the warm, red safelight.

CLOSE ON a WASTEBASKET. Filled with SHREDDED NEGATIVES and waste paper. Nick sifts through. ON a FILING CABINET. Nick rifles the files. Searching. Hundreds of prints and pictures. Mostly of beautiful women in lingerie. Contact sheets. Proofs. Tear sheets. Glassine envelopes filled with NEGATIVES. Nick holds these up to the safelight, PEERS THROUGH THEM. ON NICK. Moving through the darkroom. Past the darkroom equipment. He looks up to the spot from where Max dangled from the rafter.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

5

ON a SHELF. Filled with bottles of photo chemicals, developing tanks and darkroom paraphernalia. Packages of various-sized PRINT PAPER, most of which are sealed. Nick runs his finger down the stack of packages.

FINDS ONE that's closed but UNSEALED. He looks at it.

CLOSE ON the package of print paper. Reading the instructions on the label. Nick peels open the flap, lets a sheet of paper slide out. He holds it up to the safelight. Examines it. Then he places it on the counter top, next to some trays of photochemicals.

He REACHES up to a shelf and, as he does, he KNOCKS OVER a PLASTIC BOTTLE filled with developer. It SPLASHES to the counter, onto the print paper.

Some of it splatters on Nick's hands. Nick takes a paper towel from a roll. Wipes his hands. Sniffs the pungent chemical. The strong smell of vinegar.

Resumes searching along the shelves. After a moment, he GLANCES DOWN to the moistened sheet of print paper. Something strange now: the chemical has begun to process the paper.

CLOSE ON the PAPER: an IMAGE FORMING now. Beneath the puddles of fluid. The image is incomplete. Nick lifts it up. The fluid runs down along the paper. The image coalescing on the paper is

a PHOTOGRAPH of LUCY PRESTON. NUDE. Graphically lurid. (At least, that's what we can tell by where the developing fluid has spilled - naturally we don't see the naughty bits) CLOSE ON Nick: realizing that the paper from the re-sealed envelope has been EXPOSED.

Nick pulls out his CELL TEL. Dials SCHANKE.

NICK
Skanky? It's Nick.

59 INTERCUT - PRECINCT

5

Schanke on the other end.

SCHANKE
Knight? Where are you?

NICK
Max's darkroom.
(beat)
You heard from Natalie?

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

SCHANKE

Right. Looks like our open and shut suicide is open again.

ON NICK: searching through files again. Riffing through pictures. Holding them up and inspecting as he talks.

SCHANKE (cont'd)

Ready for this?

(beat)

I talked to someone over at Kittenclub Magazine. Seems that Max abruptly backed out of the deal some time ago.

NICK

A change of heart?

SCHANKE

Yeah.

(beat)

Right before he allegedly decided to stretch his neck. Nick, the deal was worth a lot of money...

Nick finds a packet of photos. Candid shots: pictures of Max and the girls at an office party. Photos of CHARLIE, his assistant. He holds them up and studies them as he talks.

NICK

I don't think it was Max who changed his mind. Whoever killed him...changed it for him.

(beat)

Someone who didn't want Lucy in that magazine any more than she did.

SCHANKE'S VOICE

Lucy herself?

NICK

No. I've got someone else in mind.

He's staring at -

A PHOTO: (possibly a polaroid) Lucy's angry face stares out from the picture. The slightly BLURRED IMAGE of Charlie's departing form as he ducks out of the shot -

NICK

(into phone)

Charlie Murdoch--

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: 2

5

SCHANKE (V.O.)
Max's lackey?

NICK
Do we have an address on him?

SCHANKE (V.O.)
Hold on.
(beat)
Got it right here. We brought him
in for questioning the other night.
His alibi checked out. The guy's a
schlub.

NICK
I'm not so sure.
(beat)
Got an address?

SCHANKE (V.O.)
Murdoch shares an apartment in town
but apparently he lives in the
country. A farm or something. 65
Middletown Road. Out in Reedland
County.
(beat)
A regular country boy.

NICK
Meet me there ASAP.

ON Nick: he folds his phone and replaces it into his pocket.

He puts the picture down, turns and EXITS.

PUSH IN CLOSE on the picture.

DISSOLVE TO:

60 INT. - LUCY'S ROOM - NIGHT

60

Charlie and Lucy stand staring at each other. Lucy picks up the champagne bottle. She turns away and pours two glasses.

HER HAND shakes.

She turns back and hands Charlie one of the glasses.

LUCY

Join me?

Charlie takes the glass. While he sips, she downs hers.

61 EXT. CITY - NIGHT

61

Nick's flying vamp pov.

62 INT. LUCY'S ROOM - CONTINUING

62

As Charlie lowers his glass, Lucy takes it from him.

LUCY

I never knew you liked me like this, Charlie...um...what's kind of neat is that...I feel the same way about you.

He stares at her. She's scared as hell but her life's at stake. She plunges ahead with the seduction...an inexperienced young girl trying to copy for real the attitude she creates for a living.

LUCY

I mean...You just were always really quiet and I never knew what you were thinking.

CHARLIE

I was thinking they were taking advantage of you.

She nods.

LUCY

They were...When I just wanted to be with you, you know?

Beat. She makes her move. Screws up her courage and kisses him - an act of pleading as much as of seduction.

He shoves her away.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

CHARLIE

No!

Startled, she stares at him. Sees the rage welling in his eyes. Fear. Confusion. She reaches for him.

LUCY

Please, Charlie. I swear. Make love to me, okay? - I want to!

*

She is pulling off the dress with one hand, starting to sob. He grabs her by the wrists and throws her backwards onto the bed.

CHARLIE

(desperate)

No! Don't say that! It's not true. You're not like that.

LUCY

Please, Charlie...

From behind the bed we see her bare back as she lowers the bodice of the dress. Charlie stares in horror.

LUCY

Do it.

Beat. His chest heaves in anger as he picks up a pillow and dives on her. Smothering her face. Struggle.

Her hand flails out desperately and miraculously finds the champagne bottle - She grasps it, wields it - smashes it down on his head in blind desperation.

Charlie falls off her, unconscious -

Lucy struggles to her feet and tears out of the room.

Charlie comes to.

63 INT. FARMHOUSE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

63

Lucy hurries down the corridor, her face white with fear. She reaches a door, pulls on it. - A sharp gust of cold wind freezes her. She claws for a parka hanging on a hook and pulls it out the door with her.

64 EXT. FARM - NIGHT

64

Lucy hurries through the dark trees of an orchard, stumbling, sobbing with fear.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

ANOTHER ANGLE - Charlie heads off after her.

Lucy arrives at a farm outbuilding as Charlie comes up behind her. She reaches for a pitchfork and turns, swinging it for protection. Charlie halts.

LUCY

Don't come near me!

CHARLIE

(accusing)

I just wanted to protect you - I wanted to save you from how they wanted to corrupt you.

LUCY

Stay back or I'll kill you.

Charlie lunges and grabs the pitchfork from her. Turns it on her instead. She backs up in horror as he advances.
SWOOSH --

Nick is there behind him.

LUCY

Nick!

Charlie turns and Nick strikes the pitchfork - The tines break off leaving only the jagged wood of the broken handle.

Nick retreats a few feet. This could be a problem.

NICK

Put it down, Charlie. It's over.

CHARLIE

No! I'll kill you both -

He's sobbing now.

CHARLIE

She made a big mistake - I just wanted to protect her! Keep them from exploiting her - They wanted to exploit her!

LUCY

He killed Sophie. He was gonna kill me -

NICK

Put it down, Charlie. Now.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: 2

64

Charlie looks like he's going to comply, then suddenly he lunges with the stick. Nick jumps aside and he falls - landing on something -

He groans and rolls over. Nick and Lucy look down in horror to see him grasping the tines of the pitchfork in his stomach.

DEAD.

FADE OUT:

END ACT FOUR

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: 3

64

TAG

FADE IN:

65 INT. DRESSINGROOM - NIGHT

65

SLYLVAINE'S FACE

Dead. Lifeless.

BOOM . RAPID TILT UP to the door where Lacroix and the two
'doctors' hang inward, their faces mocking, laughing.

Nick looks up, in confusion.

The two 'doctors' bare their fangs. Vampires.

Nick stares in horror as realization dawns.

LACROIX

It worked.

(beat)

We have our Nicolas back.

NICK

What have you done?

He lunges for Lacroix and pins him to the wall.

NICK (cont'd)

You set me up.

LACROIX

We wanted you back, Nicholas.

NICK

She was innocent!

LACROIX

(mocking)

She was in love.

Nick is utterly devastated. He stares at her lifeless form.
Sinks to his knees next to her.

LACROIX

Come back Nicolas.

NICK

I hate you, Lacroix.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

LACROIX

Good.

(beat)

Hate is a step in the right direction.

He stares at Lacroix in pain.

NICK

She was innocent. She was innocent.

66 INT. NICK'S LOFT - NIGHT

66

Janette stares at Nick.

JANETTE

I never knew how it had happened. I only know that you withdrew from us then.

(beat)

You stopped killing.

NICK

He did me a favor. In a strange way he was doing me a favor.

JANETTE

How?

NICK

He made me realize the absolute hypocrisy of killing only the guilty. The difference between us and them - there is no distinction between guilty and innocent blood. We are the guilty and they are the innocent.

(beat)

He stopped me from killing. Stopped me from killing altogether.

JANETTE

So it was Lacroix. And his little joke that backfired...But I suppose you got your revenge.

She looks hard at him.

Nick stands staring into the fire. He closes his eyes.

INTERCUT: from Episode #1. Nick's final clash with Lacroix.

NICK

Yes. I got my revenge.

Stars twinkle in the night sky. Traffic can be heard a distance off...Hold on Nick's loft - its lighted windows for a long time....Then see a dark figure move silently into frame.

REVERSE to see LACROIX as he steps into the light from a streetlamp. He stares up at the window.

He's not smiling.

FADE OUT

THE END